

Prefageth warlike humors in his life.  
Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward,  
Shalt be immediately created Knight:  
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name.

*Eyden* Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,  
A poore Esquire of Kent.

*King* Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden Knight,  
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue  
A thousand markes a yeere for to maintaine thee,  
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,  
For those that could performe this worthy act,  
And thou shalt waite vpon the person of the King.

*Eyden* I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,  
Then I prooue iust and loyall vnto my King. *exit.*

*Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerset.*

*King* O Buckingham, see where Somerset comes,  
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

*Queene* He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,  
But beard aud braue him prouedly to his face.

*Yorke* Who's that? proude Somerset at liberty?  
Base feareful Henry that thus dishonor'st me,  
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me,  
I cannot brooke that traitors presence here,  
Nor will I subiect be to such a King.

That knowes not how to gouerne, nor to rule,  
Resigne thy crowne proude Lancaster to me,  
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,  
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,  
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throne.

*Somer.* Proude traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,  
Against thy Soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,  
For here I sweare thou shalt vnto the Tower,  
For these proude words which thou hast giuen the King.

*Yorke* Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shall be my baile,  
And send thee there in spight of him.  
Ho, where are you boyes?

*Queene* Call Clifford hither presently.

*Enter*

*Enter the Duke of Yorkes sonnes, Edward  
crooke-backe Richard, at the one doore  
and at the other doore, enter Clifford  
and souldiers, and Clifford kneeles to E*

*Cliff.* Long liue my noble Lord  
*Yorke.* We thank thee Clifford:

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes  
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee

*Cliff.* Why, I did no way mistake,  
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him

*King* Yea, a bedlam frantike hum  
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King

*Cliff.* Why do not your grace send  
*Queene* He is arrested, but will not

His sonnes he saith shall be his suertie  
*Yorke* How say you boyes, will you

*Edward* Yes noble father, if our v  
*Richard* And if our words will not

*Yorke* Call hither to the stake, my  
*King* Call Buckingham, and bid

*Yorke* Call Buckingham, and all  
Both thou and they shall curse this fa

*Enter at one doore the Earle of Salisbury  
and souldiers: and at the other, the*

*drum and souldiers.*  
*Cliff.* Are these thy beares? weell

Dispight of thee and all the friends th  
*War.* You had best go dreame a

To keepe you from the tempest of t  
*Cliff.* I am resolu'd to beare a gre

Then any thou canst coniure vp to  
And that ile write vpon thy Burgon

Might I but know thee by thy hous  
*War.* Now by my fathers age, ol

The Rampant beare chained to the  
This day ile weare aloft my burgon